

A Familiar Flame

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A Familiar Flame

by [perictione \(leclairage\)](#)

Summary

"Look, Prime. Don't be stupid. We can't just take a week off to wallow in unfulfilled lust together."

Notes

A gift for astolat for the Chocolate Box exchange!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Before anything else happened, they had their usual awkward, wordless argument over who would walk through the door first.

When the war took a turn towards necessary cooperation, Megatron made a point of walking ahead of Optimus at every opportunity. Through doors, down corridors, before speeches... The lack of respect had been frustrating, but after a month or so, Optimus had capitulated. Rather than be rudely cut off all the time, Optimus simply waited for Megatron to go first. He knew how to be polite. Even to the Slagmaker. But Megatron disliked the Prime's politeness even more than he'd disliked being in second place. "Nice try, Prime, like I'd ever let you get a clear shot at my back!" he'd said.

Like Optimus was going to break the ceasefire in the middle of a base full of Decepticons.

Which was how they'd ended up in a standoff in front of the closed door to one of the science labs, mutely holding optic contact to see which one of them would make the first move.

Finally, Optimus stepped forward. The update on weapons development was important, and he was tired of waiting. Megatron immediately moved to try to get in front of him, glaring wordlessly. The door opened on automatic, and, after some jostling, they squeezed together through the too-small-for-both-of-them doorway. There was an uncomfortable scraping noise as their shoulder and thigh plating brushed, probably leaving streaks of gray paint on Optimus's plating, *again*.

They did not look at each other. Optimus tried to maintain some dignity, and turned to meet Wheeljack's optics as he and Starscream turned from their work to greet them.

It all happened very quickly after that.

There was a strange noise. Optimus watched Wheeljack's helm fins flash through several colors very rapidly as panic widened his optics, and then, from out of sight, there was a great white blurr coming at them, and suddenly Optimus couldn't see.

It felt vaguely like he'd been hit by something, except very, very softly, and all over.

He could hear Megatron roaring next to him. Optimus raised a hand to his optics, hoping there wasn't any permanent damage, and his hand met something, again, soft, but also *damp*. When he tried to wipe it away it came off easily. And there, he could see. Looking at his hand, and then down at his whole body, he could see a great puffy cloud of white foam covering the front of his frame. Megatron was flailing and threatening next to him, still blind. His cannon cycled up and melted some of the foam.

"Megatron!" Optimus had to yell to be heard. "Wipe it off of your optics."

Megatron growled menacingly in his direction—though it came off hilarious, since he was completely covered in fluffy curves of white from helm to pede, every hard edge blunted—but he obeyed, clearing off his face at least.

They both turned accusing looks on Starscream and Wheeljack. Both scientists looked stunned. Wheeljack had his hands up, partially hiding his eyes, and his helmfins were glowing a distressed orange. Starscream looked them up and down, and began to laugh hysterically.

"Is this toxic?" Megatron asked, in the kind of low voice that sounded less like a question and more like a threat.

Wheeljack stammered, "Well, no, definitely not toxic. Uh, won't even strip your paint..."

That was a relief.

"Starscream, I know this is somehow your fault." Then Megatron looked down at himself and groaned. "I can't work like this."

Optimus agreed. "Wheeljack, Starscream, don't let it happen again. We'll reschedule this meeting." Optimus couldn't wait to wash this stuff off. It was cold and getting under his plating. He turned on his heel and tried to beat Megatron to the door.

Out of a mutual desire to avoid being seen by any of their forces, Megatron and Optimus adjourned to the closest communal washracks. Normally, Optimus preferred the private rack attached to his quarters on the command level, but he wasn't going to chance being seen like this if Megatron wasn't.

Fortunately, the space happened to be empty except for them.

Megatron made it through the door first this time, and he unhesitatingly strode forward to one of the stations. Optimus had to choke back a laugh when Megatron turned to reach up to one of the nozzles on the ceiling and Optimus could see the front of him again. He was still decorated all over in white fluff.

Optimus didn't particularly want the intimacy of cleaning himself off at the station next to Megatron, but walking to the other side of the room seemed...rude. And cowardly. Optimus could imagine Megatron saying, *Scared to share the same solvent with me, Prime?*

So of the twelve open stations in the washracks, Optimus chose the one right next to Megatron.

They were demarcated by the long, thin drains on either side in the floor. Each station had its own controls and washers and nozzles and tools. Nothing luxurious—their new underground military base was far from decadent—but everything worked, even the pressure washers and the temperature controls. The *Ark*'s temperature controls for that kind of thing had broken at some point in the crash on Earth, and Optimus had been greatly enjoying having warm solvent on demand again.

Megatron gave him a sardonic look as Optimus switched on his flow of water. Then he frowned. "Ugh," Megatron said. "If I look anything like you, I look ridiculous."

"Polite as ever, Megatron."

"Have you ever expected me to be *nice*?"

Well, no. But Optimus decided to remain silent. He reached out and increased the water pressure, just to get the first layer of foam off.

The water on his finials made him shiver, and he quickly manipulated the nozzle to pass over the rest of his frame. The foam came off fairly easily, sluicing off onto the floor. The temperature and pressure contrast of the water made his circuits spark pleasantly. Optimus looked over, discreetly, at Megatron. He'd chosen to start with water as well, but he'd just set it to fall over him from the ceiling. The white foam was softening and dissolving, and streaking slowly down Megatron's frame.

Megatron had shuttered his optics and turned his face into the flow.

He looked...elegant.

Optimus let himself enjoy the view. He didn't usually allow that kind of weakness in himself, but...

Megatron was using his hands to help the water work as well. Using a big palm to press the foam down his chest and away, stroking over each great arm. He stretched, letting the water wash gently between the plates of his armor. The water tumbled down each ridge of the vents of Megatron's abdomen, and Optimus felt mesmerized.

He wanted, very suddenly and very powerfully, to follow the water's path over Megatron's body with his tongue. Optimus stood a little straighter, a little more stiffly. Maybe choosing to use the communal racks with Megatron hadn't been such a wise decision. He thought longingly of the end of his shift and the opportunity to take some time alone in his own quarters. It wouldn't be the first

time he'd needed to seek relief after spending the day with Megatron.

He ended each day now either wildly infuriated or desperately aroused. Not that it hadn't been the same way *during the war*, but the less said about that the better.

Optimus never let his arousal affect their interactions, or his policies. His frame just had a weakness for big, strong, demanding—Decepticon warlords, apparently. Anyway, a few fantasies didn't mean anything. The anger was much more of a problem. Optimus had been working hard to avoid letting Megatron bait him into a shouting match quite so often. Resisting the urge to lick into Megatron's seams was simple by comparison.

Optimus turned off the water and picked up a brush attachment. Whatever this foam was—a fire suppressant, perhaps—he wanted to work it out of his seams thoroughly to prevent any residue from remaining. Optimus turned on a spray of solvent, for a more thorough result than just water, and began using the brush to work it into his seams. Within moments, he felt a strange tingling sensation. It was more than pleasant—charge licking and crackling between his plates, pinging off his circuitry and sensitizing his protoform. The sensation was like the all-over release of charge that came just before overload. Looking down at himself, he could see the remaining streaks of foam bubbling and dissolving as they were met by solvent, and as they did he felt another tingle in the place where the solvent hit. Wonderful. It was reacting with the foam.

Still, it was dissolving at least.

Optimus decided not to use solvent on the seams in his pelvic span until he was alone.

For a moment, he was tempted not to warn Megatron about this effect...but he thought better of it.

"Megatron." Megatron turned his head and onlined his optics lazily, as if to say, why are you interrupting my shower. Megatron let his gaze travel down the Prime's body, and Optimus had to struggle to get back the ability to speak. Megatron was probably just judging him, but that didn't stop his charge from rising, at it always did in response to Megatron's attention. "The foam reacts to solvent. The sensation is odd, but I haven't noticed any—"

Optimus was interrupted by an alert from his comm system and Megatron's optics went bright and alert. It was a request from Perceptor for a group voice connection with the two of them.

Optimus accepted the call.

"Hello, sirs."

"Hello, Perceptor."

"We have some concerns about the substance you were exposed to in the lab earlier."

Megatron and Optimus frowned at each other. "Wheeljack assured us that it was safe. In any case, we've begun washing it off."

There was a strange, static noise over the comm.

Megatron frowned suspiciously. "What is that wheezing sound?"

They heard the distant sound of whispered voices. Then Wheeljack came on the line and asked, "So, are you both, uh, in the washracks *together*?"

There was a background noise on the call that sounded like a shriek. Optimus replied, "Hello,

Wheeljack. Yes, we are. Is that important? The communal one was closest.”

Megatron huffed and said, “I was hardly going to drip foam all the way to the command deck.”

“Are we in any danger?”

Perceptor answered, “Have you noticed anything...unusual?”

They looked at each other. Megatron growled, “What exactly is this foam?”

Then Starscream’s metal-scratching-glass voice burst through the comm. “Look, just get yourselves off—” He broke into laughter. “—off to the medbay and we’ll figure it out from there.”

“Starscream—”

Perceptor quickly added, “But definitely finish washing it off as much as you can! We do not want this tracked through the halls. Oh, and take the shortest route to the medbay, and do not touch anyone else until you get there!”

They heard Starscream screech, “Ha! Anyone else!” and then Perceptor ended the call.

Optimus sighed, and Megatron angrily turned on his flow of solvent.

Optimus watched him and waited... Megatron stiffened, staring hard at the wall, and his armor shivered all over in response to the crackling way the foam reacted to the solvent. Optimus grinned behind his mask.

Ratchet ran into the medbay just behind Megatron and Optimus. Perceptor and the rest of the science team were already there. Ominously, Brainstorm was too.

Ratchet said quickly, looking around, “What’s the medical emergency?”

“They haven’t told us,” Optimus said.

You never knew what a mysterious substance in the science labs might do, but he felt normal. Megatron stood just in front of Optimus and struck an imposing pose, hands on his waist. Optimus watched as his hips shifted and settled as he finished moving.

Ratchet pushed past the co-leaders and took out a scanner, pointing it at the science team. Starscream swiped at it and complained, “Not us, you idiot, them!”

The medic put his hands on his hips and glared, “What is going on?”

Perceptor coughed. “Megatron and Optimus Prime have been exposed to a substance—”

Ratchet whirled and brought his scanner to bear on them.

“—which we confiscated from Brainstorm—”

That was when Optimus began to worry. Brainstorm was looking at the floor in a very suspicious manner.

“Why didn’t you say so in the first place!” Megatron shouted.

Wheeljack began stuttering and Starscream just turned his nose up, but Perceptor answered for them. “Wheeljack and Starscream were unaware of the dangerous nature of the substance—”

“Brainstorm,” Ratchet was distinctly frowning down at his scanner now. “What, exactly, does this substance do?”

The mad scientist brightened up, starting to pay attention at the question. “Oh! Yes! It’s an aphrodisiac of course. Quite potent. I picked it up on Venture Station and I was going to look into weaponizing—”

Starscream began to giggle.

Optimus felt as though his brain module had been removed, dipped in liquid nitrogen, and then set on fire. So much of what Brainstorm had just said was—it was impossible. Impossible and horrifying. His logic processor and his probability matrix were all throwing up errors. The existence of such a substance—that was the sort of thing relegated to questionable romance holos—and what might be its effects?

Perceptor interrupted, “I confiscated it once Brainstorm told me what it was. I had intended to dispose of it before Starscream—”

“Not me—Wheeljack!”

“—dropped the bottle in the lab.” Perceptor continued, “I also was not expecting it to be compressed in such a way, I had anticipated that it would be aerosolized as a mist—”

Megatron growled and Optimus heard the whine of the fusion cannon charging threateningly.

But Optimus hadn’t experienced any effects.

“But we haven’t noticed anything unusual.” Optimus turned to Megatron. The Decepticon commander’s optics were narrowed down to glowing slits, and light spilled out from them like his glare was hiding two red dwarf stars. “Right?”

“Starscream, if you think that I’m going to let you get away with this—”

“Exactly. Megatron’s perfectly normal,” Optimus said. “And we washed it all off, anyway. Brainstorm, are you sure this substance was an aphrodisiac?”

Ratchet hmphed, but Brainstorm answered, “Yes, Prime!” His optics brightened with seeming pride. “I tested it myself, of course.”

Perceptor sighed, deeply.

“Actually, I’m surprised you aren’t feeling anything. I only gave myself a small dose, and by this point I was quite wantonly—”

“The science, you imbecile, tell them about *the science*,” Starscream groaned.

“It’s just, this is fascinating, since it’s famous for inducing desperation and reduced inhibitions, as well as intense—”

Perceptor cleared his vocalizer pointedly and took over the explanation, “Theoretically, the reason why it isn’t working could be that both of you are so large and overpowered.”

Brainstorm interjected, “It isn’t an amplifier actually, so you don’t need to adjust the dosage for mass.

It just brings a mech's systems up to a particular level, relative to baseline."

Optimus frowned, listening. The more they talked about this, well, the more he felt hot under his armor.

"I suppose if someone were already charged up, they might not *notice*—the effects would be masquerading as a normal response to something else. For example, if you somehow got dosed during interfacing—it takes about ten minutes to start to kick in—you might not notice the bump in charge. But really, you ought to have at least experienced a wild attraction to any Cybertronian nearby. Definitely within the first hour."

"Don't be ridiculous. What could they possibly have been doing on their duty shift that could fit those criteria?" Perceptor asked, glaring at Brainstorm. "There must be another explanation."

Optimus had frozen, meanwhile. Sure, he was a little aroused at the moment, but that was mostly from, uh, watching Megatron in the washracks... Which was apparently enough to disguise the effects of a potent drug. Primus.

The others might not have figured it out yet, but Optimus could hardly hope Megatron wouldn't put two and two together.

Unfortunately, Optimus could see Starscream's eyes lighting up with understanding. "What *could* they possibly have been doing," he purred. "Why, Mighty Megatron, weren't you sharing a cozy moment in the washracks with the Prime?"

Megatron growled and stepped forward, looming, but the implicit threat didn't keep Starscream quiet for long.

Actually, Optimus, thought, the same conclusions applied to Megatron, too, didn't they?

"Ugh, are you really still going to play pretend?" Starscream whined. "What do you think we are, stupid? You've been walking around with each other's paint practically *on display* for weeks now."

Oh, dear. Oh, no, did everyone think—

Optimus began to protest, but fell into silence as he realized how ridiculous 'Megatron insists on going through doors at the same time' would sound. Finally he managed to say, "I assure you, Megatron and I have never interfaced."

"Well how else would you *not notice* a 'wild attraction' to any—"

"If we haven't experienced any effects, then what does it matter?" Megatron gritted his teeth around the question and turned to look at Ratchet.

"Well, you're *going* to experience something I'll bet," Ratchet said, looking dubiously at his scanner again, "I'm looking at the effects right here." He waved the scanner in the air. "More importantly—though I'll need to get a sample of the stuff to be sure—it could be contagious. Always better to err on the side of caution."

Ratchet paused and looked up at them both seriously. "Quarantine. Both of you."

Megatron shouted and Optimus said, "But Ratchet—"

"No buts!"

“How do you know we’re not immune to this?”

He waved the scanner in the air again. “I’m looking at how not-immune you are right here.”

“Medic—”

“Look at it! Charge is absolutely crawling through your systems.” He pointed at a graph. “Both of you. If I didn’t know better I’d say these were the circuits of a mech more than halfway to an overload. How do we know you’re not immune to this, my aft.”

Starscream made a very poor attempt at stifling a guffaw.

“I almost regret the alliance. Death may have been preferable,” Megatron said slowly, looking at the berth.

The only berth.

“Would you really rather have ended up *liquified* by a sentient colony of organic, metal-eating bacteria?”

“Than share a berth with you?” Megatron gave him a look.

“You’re the one who insisted on giving part of the medbay’s acreage to the firing range,” Optimus replied petulantly.

The only dedicated quarantine room in the base’s medbay was quite small. There was a single door at one end, a single nightstand, a single dispenser on one wall, and a single chair that looked much too small for either of them. There was also the single berth. Fortunately, it was one of the large sized medbay recharge slabs.

They would both be able to fit.

Barely.

“*You* agreed we were unlikely to need to quarantine more than one contagion at a time,” Megatron said.

“Well, I wasn’t losing recharge over it until now.”

Megatron harrumphed pointedly, as if any attempts at humor were forbidden.

Optimus turned back to the door. When Ratchet had left them, it had hermetically sealed with a click and a hiss of air. There was a little glass window in the door which had a sliding cover on both sides that could be used to provide privacy. Not that they were going to *need* privacy, of course... Optimus had to bend a little to get his face level with the window. It hadn’t been designed with him in mind. At least Megatron hadn’t tried to fit both of them through that door at the same time. He’d just pushed Optimus in ahead of him.

Just as he was moving to stand up again Ratchet appeared in the window. He switched the intercom on and began to speak, rapid-fire.

“Alright, I’ve officially declared you both unfit for duty, and informed Prowl and Soundwave of the situation.”

Megatron scoffed, and Optimus said, “That really isn’t necessary. I feel *normal*, Ratchet.”

Ratchet gave him a long, penetrating look. “So you said. And don’t think you’re getting out of a nice long talk about *that*, Prime.” His optics shifted to glance at Megatron. “Overloads aren’t just for fun, you know. You aren’t supposed to hold that much charge in your system for long periods.”

Ratchet continued, “Medically speaking, I’ve run some tests. The results are preliminary, but this substance is going to be affecting your charge levels for a while. It responds well to elevation and grounding in this test circuit I set up—otherwise it’ll take a while to dissipate. Which is to say, you can wait it out, but it would be more efficient to go about it the old-fashioned way.”

Where did Ratchet expect him to find a partner like this? “I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but we’re in quarantine.”

But the medic only smiled and widened his optics suggestively.

“Just stop talking, Prime. You’re making yourself look like an idiot,” Megatron said.

“I estimate it won’t take more than five or six overloads each—”

“Ratchet, you can’t mean—” *That he should interface with Megatron?*

“—but you’ll need to get through them all in roughly thirty hours, or the charge will just keep replenishing itself. It’s a lot more persistent than your usual recreational stimulants. Still haven’t sussed out why... I recommend switching roles a few times, just to go easier on the equipment.”

“That’s enough speculation, medic.”

Ratchet made a rude gesture.

Interfacing with Megatron was unthinkable—or, no. Not *unthinkable*, Optimus could definitely think about it. He could think about it *thoroughly*. It was just unacceptable, for all the same reasons it hadn’t been an option for the past four million years—

“Now, self-service would help, but because you won’t be able to ground your charge in another system, it would take a lot more overloads in that same, roughly thirty hour time frame, which I can’t medically recommend. Just because Brainstorm does something, doesn’t mean that you should.”

“How long will it take to wait this out?”

Ratchet shrugged. “No idea. But probably less than a week.”

“A week!” Megatron shouted. “I can’t leave Starscream in charge that long!”

“It’ll take that long for the charge to stop replenishing itself. Of course, your other option is to, eheh, *get busy*.”

Megatron growled, “Step lightly, medic.”

But Ratchet only laughed. “Look: obviously, you could break your way out of this room if you wanted. But if it’s contagious, you could infect the whole base. If I find out it’s not, I’ll let you out early. I won’t clear you for duty until you’ve worked it out of your systems, though.”

Optimus turned away and went to sit on the end of the bed. He sighed, and put in a comm call to Prowl.

Optimus began to fidget after only a few hours. There were no chairs that were of a size for them, so he and Megatron were sitting next to each other on the berth. In silence.

He'd spent as long as he could getting work done by comm—text only, once Megatron made it clear any decision Optimus made aloud would be commented on—but Prowl had other business to attend to, and Optimus's duty shift had ended. His second-in-command had very carefully not commented on the situation, apart from saying things like *while you are indisposed*. Optimus had some datapads, in his subspace, just old literature and some new holos from Earth, but he wasn't sure he'd be able to focus on them. This was, in some ways, 'down time,' so he'd tried setting up a complex strat-tac analysis, but Megatron's mere presence had kept him from focusing.

Optimus wished Megatron would start an argument.

At least then there'd be something for his processor to think about besides Megatron's proximity, the interesting way Megatron was lighting up on the infrared spectrum, and, his processor's personal favorite, tracking each tiny movement of Megatron's lips out of the corner of his field of vision. It was too much to hope that Megatron hadn't thought to take a look at *him* on infrared.

Optimus could feel the heat building up in his array...

Maybe they could—no. No. That was out of the question.

Then Megatron—Megatron *bit his lip*, was he doing this *on purpose*, his denta were just lightly nibbling, sinking in to the flexible, sensitive material of his bottom lip and Optimus's speculation module provided him with a series of vivid, imagined sensory data about what that would *feel like*—

Optimus's engine revved before he could throttle it.

Infuriatingly, Megatron smirked.

"I wondered how long it would take."

"How long what would take, Megatron?"

"How long it would take for you to lose control." He smirked again. "You've probably never done anything properly hedonistic in your functioning, have you?"

He was trapped, in a room, alone, with Megatron. Indefinitely. "Why are you like this?"

"You're supposed to be so caring, so righteous, so disgustingly honorable—you probably think it's unethical to interface with your subordinates, don't you?"

Optimus groaned. He *did not* think that. Or, he'd given up on that idea about five hundred thousand years into the war, when—

"I almost feel sorry for you."

Optimus didn't know where Megatron was going with this argument, but he didn't like it. "Insulting me isn't going to work, Megatron."

"Oh? Would you rather I tried seduction instead, Prime?" Megatron's voice dropped, down from his usual rasp to a low, rolling growl that made Optimus's title sound unspeakably filthy.

"What? No!"

Megatron couldn't possibly be suggesting—

“Look, Prime. Don't be stupid. We can't just take a week off to wallow in unfulfilled lust together. As distasteful as the prospect is, it'd be much better to get this over with and get out of here.”

The prospect was *not* distasteful, but Optimus wasn't about to admit that. He said, “I don't like to interface casually.”

“What,” Megatron laughed, “Do you think sucking my spike will tie your emotional subsystem up when we're face to fusion cannon again in a few years?”

Optimus shot to his feet, thoughts full of a potent combination of shock and fury. Megatron always treated the war so trivially! And, and—Optimus had never even heard Megatron say the word spike before—he couldn't help *imagining* that suggestion.

Megatron's voice got low and sharp and taunting. He said, “Ah, has my language offended *the Prime*? Shall I say instead, dancing like Solus and Megatronus on Luna 1?”

Optimus had, he really had, been longing for this, for a real argument, but it was horribly jarring to realize that his...more erotic feelings weren't being subsumed by anger... Megatron taunted and insulted and...Optimus didn't want him any less.

For the first time, he felt that whatever was affecting them was *real*.

“Or is it the *position* that you dislike? Rather arrogant of you, but I can't say I'm surprised—”

Optimus couldn't take any more of this. He turned on Megatron and said, sharply, “How can you speak so callously of a return to war?”

Megatron made a face at him. “In case you haven't noticed, Prime, we are at war *right now*.”

“You know that's different.”

“Well, yes, but you're the one always going on about how much you care about organic life,” Megatron said flippantly. “Why should it make a difference to you whether you're killing those monstrous blobs or Decepticons? I thought all sentients ‘counted’ to you.”

Optimus growled, “They want to farm us and *eat us*.”

Megatron nodded with a grave expression. “Ah, I see. So they deserve to die because of our political differences.”

No, that was *not* what Optimus thought. “That is a *gross* oversimplification—”

“Yes, yes.” Megatron waved his anger away like it was an annoyance. Then his optics sharpened and held Optimus's gaze. “Don't you remember that this alliance hasn't resolved your ‘political differences’ with the *Decepticons*?”

Optimus froze.

Megatron stood up then and stalked towards him slowly.

“The reasons for our war haven't gone away just because you don't like to think about them.”

Megatron shaped each word purposefully, precisely, and Optimus couldn't look away from the movement of his lips. He wanted to fight, suddenly, as if it would keep him from wanting to touch...

“Do you think that when this scourge is gone that I will bend the knee? To a Prime?”

But arguing with Megatron had always been an excellent distraction from lust. Optimus replied, “Megatron, the causes of our war are long dead, just like Cybertronian society. There is no good reason—”

“No good reason? No good reason! Perhaps you simply haven’t been *listening!*”

Optimus groaned. “When have you ever given me a good reason? When have you even tried? If you would only *tell me* what it is you needed—”

“Like an Autobot Prime could even begin to understand—”

“And you act as if it won’t be a struggle to disentangle ourselves when this is over, regardless!”

Megatron frowned, scoffing, “What does that have to do with anything?”

Optimus sighed and stepped back a ways. “You know the facts as well as I. We are in the *same meetings*. Even if we take your side, and simply try to commit genocide against their species—”

“Not this again.”

Optimus persevered. “Even if we take that route, Megatron, the best case scenario is that it will take us two hundred thousand years!”

Megatron looked up at the ceiling sardonically. “I do not hesitate in the face of great trials. I do not know why you keep assuming—”

“No—no,” Optimus said. “I mean, in two hundred thousand years of cooperation—”

“*Forced* cooperation—”

“Cooperation nonetheless.” Optimus stood firm. “I find hope in that. Our two cultures are different, separated, but still *close*. I find hope that, not even you and I, but our two peoples, might find more common ground than just a shared threat.”

Optimus felt the word ‘hope’ echo in his processor with an outswell of emotion. That, of all things, almost made him forget to watch the way Megatron’s fingers were tapping an impatient rhythm on his arm.

They had not spoken of this before. Optimus had never dared, he hadn’t wanted to provoke so far. But he *had* to speak, he *had* to offer this, this token of peace, he *had to*—

“What? Another *Golden Age*? Some utopic farce where Decepticons and Autobots live together in harmony? I have fought for millions of years specifically because we *couldn’t*.”

Primus, how could this mech be so infuriating. Throwing everything back in his face— Optimus growled, “I want to *strangle* you.”

Megatron laughed, darkly, and said, “Oh, I bet you do.”

Optimus made an outraged noise. “Not like *that!*”

Megatron chuckled more cheerfully now, but still with that taunting edge. “You are so easy to bait. *So much anger in heavenly minds?*”

The reference was jarring—the reference to Liege Maximo’s rage and greed, the driving force of an epic poem, and the myth of the original Primes. It took him a moment to adjust, then Optimus could only look at Megatron, stunned. “Isn’t that from the *Song of Solus*? Have—have you *read*—”

Megatron gave him a pitying look. “You are always underestimating me. But yes. The myths of the Thirteen have always made me laugh.”

“The *Song of Solus* is a tragedy.”

Megatron scoffed. “No, it’s not! Only a few of the sections have tragic endings. Have you not read the entirety?”

“Solus dies!”

“So? Most of them die! But Cybertronian society is reestablished, despite the meddling failures of the so-called divine Primes, which is the entire point.”

“It’s deeply sad!”

“Much like life, hm?”

“It’s not generally read as *literal*, it’s a *myth*, or even fiction about *a myth*, and most of it is allegorical —”

“What? You mean *you* never wished for Primus to grant you the power of invincibility?”

Optimus thought of his early days as Prime and couldn’t help but laugh. “Do you know, for some time after I took up the Matrix, I kept expecting something—not quite that, but something—to happen?”

Megatron looked very startled for a moment, and then he was laughing too.

As their amusement faded, the laughter left behind a strange, uncomfortable gap in the air. Had they really been discussing literature? Them?

Optimus found himself looking over at Megatron’s hands, quite close to him where he was resting them on the berth. Nice, strong, big hands—

He half expected Megatron to try talking him into, uh, cooperating on their problem again, he half *wanted* Megatron to—but Megatron did not do that.

“Well, Prime, I want the outside of the berth,” Megatron said, breaking Optimus out of his reverie by shoving him, hard, towards the side of the berth that was along the wall. “Don’t sympathize with Liege Maximo too much and try to kill me in my recharge.”

Then Megatron slapped the wall panel that controlled the lights.

Optimus lay awake for a long time.

Optimus woke up to an enormously confusing sensation of frantic discomfort. None of his systems were reporting errors, but there was a weight on him—Optimus online his optics and loaded memories of the previous day nearly at the same time. He very narrowly avoided screaming or jolting up when he saw Megatron’s still sleeping face inches away from his own. Megatron had thrown an arm and a leg over him in the night. He was heavy, but the position wasn’t causing any damage or

even discomfort.

The sensation of discomfort was from...was from that substance. It was still affecting him. He'd heard what Ratchet had said, but somehow he'd expected that the feeling would have dissipated by now. His unwanted charge usually went away quickly if he ignored it long enough.

This was not going away.

How long would he be able to resist?

His array was running hot and was very, very ready to be put to use. Optimus glanced at Megatron again and wondered if he could—very quickly, before Megatron woke up—he could... His spike panel shuddered. Optimus could be quick... He let one hand rest lightly, teasingly, against the edge of his panel. He would open up, let his spike pressurize, and find a little bit of relief. He would have to clean up his transfluid after, but—

Megatron shifted, murmuring.

Optimus went quite still and watched him. Megatron shifted again and rocked his pelvis against Optimus's hip—still in recharge, and—

Oh, *Primus*.

Megatron kept doing it, grinding his interface panel, his very hot interface panel, against Optimus. The arm thrown over the Prime's chest grabbed hold and squeezed.

Primus, it would be so easy, with Megatron *rubbing* against him. If he took his spike in his fist as he watched, as he *felt* his enemy rocking and thrusting—but if Megatron woke up while he had his spike out, right there next to him—Optimus had to press his palm, hard, on his panel to keep it from opening. Megatron let out a sleepy but erotic rumble from deep in his chassis. As *appealing* as the idea was, Optimus couldn't allow that. Couldn't lose even more dignity. Optimus thought of all the mocking, *insinuating*, erotic insults Megatron had thrown at him last night. A wave of annoyance and embarrassment overwhelmed his lust, and when Megatron started grinding again, Optimus unceremoniously shoved him off and onto the floor.

As Megatron squawked awake, Optimus realized idly that this was the usual way that his inconvenient attraction worked. Lust, desire, even a little pining, and then Megatron would inevitably do something so infuriating or enraging or simply obnoxious that he'd be able to push all those other feelings out of the way.

In this case, literally.

After a solid round of yelling, they mostly ignored each other through the morning. They refueled, Optimus checked in with Prowl—who seemed to be expecting him to, Optimus didn't know, break into wanton begging? All "Prime, are you sure you're up to conversation right now?"

But as the day wore on, something in the back of Optimus's processor began to sound increasingly like wanton begging... There wasn't a way to distract himself from a lust like this. Especially not once the petty thrill of tossing Megatron out of berth had worn off. Nothing horrible or disgusting he could think about that made his charge run down.

Actually, he was struggling not to think of much more pleasant things...

He gave up on trying to meditate after he found himself focusing on the way Megatron's neck cables stretched as he poured energon into his sweet mouth.

Megatron startled him out of staring by suddenly opening conversation. "Prime, I've been considering that epic—did you realize it's surprisingly appropriate for our situation?"

"They kill each other at the end?"

Megatron gave him a look. "I meant the 'divine' lust spell."

"The drug Brainstorm found in a disreputable space port is not a divinely mandated—"

"What, like you would know."

"Actually—"

Megatron looked at him, horrified. "You don't *really* think that bauble—"

Optimus did not have the patience for this. "No. We are not arguing about Primus or the Matrix today. Pick another day."

Megatron shook himself, like he was trying to disperse a feeling of disgust. He had never had much respect for the Matrix.

Then, Megatron said, "Look, just listen,

*Suddenly he caught the familiar flame,
the well-known warmth invaded his lines
and ran through weakened struts,
just as when glittering lightning, bursting,
a fiery flash shining, runs over the clouds with light."*

Optimus could only stare at him. That was from Liege Maximo's heartless seduction of Quintus Prime... Megatron kept this sort of thing in recent memory? Lightning was intended as titillating in metaphor, but it was also almost *deviant*, and Optimus couldn't help imagining the feeling of charge filling him, lighting him up from helm to pedes—

Was Megatron even doing this on purpose? What else could he intend, reading erotic poetry out loud—Optimus certainly *felt* seduced. And Megatron was looming over him, expectant, in a way that Optimus was struggling not to find suggestive.

Just as Optimus was preparing to stand up and lie about how this strategy was *not* going to work, the intercom buzzed to life.

Ratchet's unsmiling face appeared in the little window.

Guilt and embarrassment flickered through Optimus's processor, both for the situation, and the annoyance he felt at his friend's interruption. Absently, he thought of how bizarre it felt to look at Ratchet while he was so charged up. With Megatron, at least it was more or less normal for him to feel uncomfortably aroused during casual conversation.

Ratchet didn't wait for social niceties. He said, "I haven't got a ton of time, but basically, we've got an epidemic on our hands."

"What?"

“Explain!”

Ratchet waved aside interruptions. “Hold on to your kibble. We cleaned up all the foam we could find, very carefully. As you’ve seen in my report, we thought it was contained, no problem. But the waste solvent you both used got rotated back into the system this morning, and it turns out what the foam was hiding was tiny, evil nanites. The foam has immediate effects, raising a mech’s charge, and then the nanites take longer to work and primarily affect the processor. Anyone who has used the base washracks since has been infected. We’re working on a filtration system that will clean it out of the solvent, but it’s a bit late for that.”

“Oh, no. Ratchet, are you going to be able to—”

“If everyone else is infected already, does that mean we can get out of here?” Megatron asked.

Optimus frantically squashed the processor thread that registered *disappointment* at that idea.

“Everyone else is not infected. And no. Sorry.”

“Medic—”

“Right now, I’m thinking this thing was designed to be used by partners, immediately, and in contained situations. One mech doses themselves, or they all do I suppose, they feel the effects, and then they infect the rest during the course of interfacing. Fun night of unnatural stamina for everyone. Either that or it’s *actually* a chemical weapon, no Brainstorm-style tinkering required.”

“I do not see how—”

“Will you just listen?” Ratchet glared. “If you come out of there, you could easily get reinfected. I’m wearing my personal medical forcefield *constantly* right now to prevent transmission. All it would take is one totally uninhibited mech thinking, ah, yes, Prime’s finials sure are cute—”

His helm finials twitched involuntarily.

“—then throwing themselves at you—kissing would definitely transmit it, but even physical contact can be enough—”

Megatron growled, “Medic, we are *already infected!*”

“Do you have to question every single thing I say?”

Optimus cleared his vocalizer. “Ratchet, I am also curious. Please, continue.”

“The nanites have a life-cycle. They self-propagate on an hourly basis, but each generation changes. Which is wonderful news, because it means I was right, and this will wear off on its own if you just wait long enough. The downside is, everyone else who’s infected right now has nanites that are at a different stage than yours. If you were exposed, the new nanites wouldn’t simply incorporate themselves into the operation of the nanites you already have—they would go about recolonizing your systems. Not sure what effect that would have *exactly*, but I don’t think you want to risk doubling the effects.”

Optimus shuddered. Definitely not.

Megatron sat down on the end of the bed and glared daggers at the medic.

“Speaking of, everyone else has been affected very differently from you both.”

Megatron drawled, “Maybe we *are* immune.”

“I had to pull Cosmos off of Astrotrain, of all mechs, in the middle of the mess hall. Brainstorm’s initial description of the symptoms turns out to have been accurate. Of the newly affected mechs, Skyfire is the only one presenting like you both, though *he* had no problem noticing immediately.” Ratchet shot an apologetic look at Optimus. “No getting out of that awkwardness for you, I’m afraid. I think it has to do with how power disperses in the processors of larger mechs; the effects of the nanites end up reduced, and you’re stuck with the constant arousal—as if that wasn’t enough—without the same level of mental influence.”

Optimus sighed. “Ratchet—”

“Look, I’ve really got my hands full here. There are enough mechs unaffected that we’ll be able to manage with daily operations. But it’s getting chaotic.”

There was a clanging, crashing noise in the background of the medbay.

Ratchet slumped, looking harried. “Look, Optimus, just comm Prowl and see if he’s coherent enough to answer your questions. And shut the window screen on your side? I don’t want some idiot getting the bright idea to come over here and put on a show.”

Before Optimus could respond to *that* bizarre advice, Ratchet turned, and immediately roared, “Starscream! Put that thing away!”

Just as Ratchet was switching off the intercom, they heard a shrill voice say, “Don’t you want to play doctor with me?”

Optimus shuddered, and wished he could just shut off his speculation module. Still, not even the prospect of Starscream and presumably, a medical berth, could bring his arousal down under the circumstances.

Megatron stood up and shut their privacy screen with an expression of distaste.

Optimus turned to him and said, “I suppose things would be much easier if you were stuck in here with one of your Decepticons.”

Megatron sighed, glowering at the wall. “No. Not at all.”

Optimus frowned. “But—”

“Starscream even more uninhibited than usual is not appealing.”

Megatron’s expression made Optimus wonder, and all at once his processor pulled together several different pieces of data: a comment from weeks ago, on how Megatron avoided social gatherings with his troops because it impacted morale; the rigid way the Decepticons saluted and obeyed him; Megatron saying *you probably think it’s unethical to interface with your subordinates, don’t you*.

Oh.

Optimus suddenly had to rush to lock down his intimate panels in conscious processing, the idea was so—so horribly appealing—

“*You* don’t interface with your subordinates,” Optimus said at last.

Megatron’s helm whipped around to look at him. He sneered, “What gave you that idea?”

Optimus was sure. “I’m right, aren’t I.”

Megatron only rolled his optics.

“If you don’t interface with your subordinates, you must not be interfacing with—”

“Will you shut up, Prime?” Megatron snapped. “It’s really not that interesting.”

“I thought those sorts of ethical issues didn’t matter to you.”

“It isn’t about *ethics*, it’s just *practical*,” he snarled. “I can’t play favorites within the ranks. Even if I kept it to my command staff, there would be problems.”

Optimus couldn’t help agreeing with that analysis. He tried to set aside his more prurient interest in ‘Megatron hasn’t interfaced with anyone probably in millions of years,’ in favor of sympathy: “I’m sorry that you—”

Megatron glared and interrupted him, “Do you know, since your medic helpfully reminded me, I can’t believe I forgot to explore that *special revelation* about you, Prime.”

“What revelation?”

“Why, the revelation of your overwhelming attraction to me. How long have you been harboring *that* illicit fantasy?” Megatron smiled with a vicious amount of denta.

“You are *not* a fantasy, Megatron.” He just had a starring role in many of Optimus’s own.

“Oh, well, in that case, what *is* it about me that makes you want to pop your panels?”

Optimus was so tired. So, so tired. Physically, he had an abundance of energy, but his processor was still working overtime to keep from *actually* popping his panels, not to mention what this situation was doing to his emotional subsystem. So, he just said softly, “You’re incomparable.”

Honesty seemed to be what made Megatron shut up.

After some tense but blessed silence, Megatron growled low, “You’re mocking me.”

Optimus couldn’t help but laugh. “You’ve been mocking *me*, haven’t you? But no. I’m not. That’s the reason.”

“That’s not a reason! That means nothing!”

“Alright, fine. You’re—” Optimus struggled for words. He’d barely articulated this in his own mind, and never to someone else. “You’re incomparable in battle. Strong, challenging—” Something traitorous and intoxicated deep in his processor whispered, *a match for me, a mate for me*, but Optimus shut it out. “Not only in battle. Sometimes it seems you thwart me at every turn, but you’re elegant about it.”

When Optimus looked up, Megatron appeared taken aback.

Apparently deciding not to address any of what Optimus had just said, he continued, “So, why haven’t you been mocking me, then? You’re hardly going to get a better opportunity.”

“I haven’t wanted to dwell on the topic of...what I have learned about you,” Optimus said. He felt the unspoken qualification, *because it would make you so much harder to resist*, hanging in the air between them. It wasn’t clear if Megatron understood that nuance, but when Megatron remained

silent afterwards, only looking at him, Optimus felt humiliated anyway. He cleared thought trees exploring *Megatron is regularly attracted to me* out of his processor. Again. Talking about it would only make things worse.

Megatron stared at him for several solid minutes.

It was that thoughtful, focused look Optimus had seen when his enemy used to need to revise strategies in the field.

Megatron said, “I’m curious. You said I was ‘incomparable in battle.’ Does that mean if I charged up the cannon right now that would do it for you?”

His optics widened “Megatron—”

“Would that get you all hot and charged?”

Primus. Optimus let out a frustrated noise. “I don’t need to get ‘hot and charged!’ I’m *already* hot and charged! No assistance required!” he said.

And Megatron was smiling now, wicked, and Optimus could see the joke, could see why it was funny, but *he* wasn’t laughing. The battlefield was no laughing matter, and neither was Megatron’s fusion cannon.

Anyway, he wouldn’t find that sort of thing *erotic*, like he had some kind of *fixation*. Optimus would definitely *not* find Megatron charging up the cannon and smiling at him like he was right now at all exciting—

Megatron looked him up and down. “Prime, I have a proposition.”

“Oh, really?” Optimus wasn’t going to go along with any proposition of Megatron’s, whatever it might be.

“Yes.” Then, Megatron grinned.

Five minutes later, Optimus was kneeling on the berth, his spike on display, facing Megatron in a similar position on the other side.

Agreeing to self-service in the same room had seemed like a good compromise—satisfying their desires, without potentially compromising their politics. Optimus had thought that they’d try looking in the other direction or otherwise attempt to give each other some privacy. But Megatron had just—maintained eye contact as he casually opened up and pressurized his spike, and then not doing the same had seemed cowardly.

“See? Isn’t this better?”

And, well, once Megatron had started to put on a show, Optimus hadn’t been able to bring himself to look away. Now, he couldn’t decide whether to look at Megatron’s intense, burning optics, or at his frankly intimidating spike and the way it appeared and disappeared out of the tight grip of Megatron’s hand. He was trying to keep the pace of his own self-service slow—Primus, how he had needed this—so he didn’t embarrass himself horribly.

Not that this wasn’t already intensely embarrassing.

But he couldn't bring himself to—well, to stop it.

“You needed it, didn't you.”

Megatron's spike was an aggressive black and red, with whirls and textures that intertwined around his spike nodes and looked like they would tease over the contacts in Optimus's valve perfectly—not that Optimus was ever going to *find out*. Silvery, not quite clear transfluid was already starting to drip from Megatron's tip, spreading over his hand. Optimus wanted *desperately* to touch it.

“You were desperate to get your hands on yourself, to get some relief.” Megatron's voice was like a needle drawing into Optimus's processor and pulling out sensation. “Do you like watching me like this? Do you like my spike, Optimus?”

It was a struggle to keep his hand on his own spike and not reach out, reach for—

“I like watching you. The way your hand is trembling, the way your valve has already started dripping fluid over your thighs,” Megatron said. “I'm going to enjoy watching you overload.”

Optimus choked back a needy sound. But, as he thought about it, the idea of overloading now, with Megatron watching, but when he hadn't ever even gotten to touch him—

No.

“I can't do this.” Optimus took his hand off his spike with an effort and stood and turned away. Depressurizing now would be—would be very difficult, but... “I can't do this.”

“What?” Megatron accused, growling, and he could hear his anger. “Is the Prime *too good* for—”

But Optimus just said. “I want—I want it too much. I want you too much. I can't not—” He broke off, clenching and unclenching his fists as he fought not to touch his spike again.

“Prime.”

Optimus turned his head a bit in Megatron's direction.

“Prime, look at me.”

He did. Megatron's face looked angry and wild and Optimus didn't know what else. He had moved so he was half off the berth now, like he was about to stand. His spike was—it was *right there*, and Optimus *wanted*.

“Will you just *give in*?”

Optimus groaned. “I can't! You know how complicated that would be.”

Megatron got up and came to him. “Do you always worry so much?” This close, Optimus could feel the heat coming off him. Then he smiled. “I'm almost flattered. Are you just afraid, or do you really think you would be meaningfully compromised by one little tryst with me? ”

No. No, he didn't.

Optimus shivered and said, “Do *you* want...?”

“Obviously.” Then Megatron reached out and tapped on his battlemask. “Give me this,” he said.

Almost without thought, Optimus obeyed.

He didn't know why he was surprised when Megatron slid his palm up his jaw and pulled him in and—and kissed him.

Optimus hesitated. He could still back out, he could still wait and endure the aching, burning need a little bit longer. He could still *not get to have this*—and then it was too late, he was pressing back, opening, and everything was suddenly electric, sparks of sensation tingling in a wave that spread as Megatron brushed his lips over his. He knew he would be embarrassed, later, over how instantly, irrepressibly eager he was to touch and taste and get as close as he possibly could.

His hands wouldn't stay still, grabbing at Megatron's waist and then moving, stroking, because finally, finally he was allowed to touch. He couldn't resist letting his tongue reach out, to tease over Megatron's lips. He wanted—he *needed* to taste him, to know what Megatron tasted like—and Optimus couldn't bring himself to care about how artless he was being, how inexperienced and unsophisticated, but it had been more than a year since—since what? Since Optimus had last been allowed to touch him like this.

Since the last time they'd been on opposite sides of a battlefield, grappling in hand-to-hand combat.

Megatron responded to him smoothly, deepening their kiss, and Optimus wanted to feel Megatron's whole body against his, and then they were pressing closer. He'd forgotten the state of himself, though. Feeling his spike rub against Megatron's abdomen was a disorienting, wild shock.

Megatron grinned against Optimus's lips, then pivoted them both and pushed Optimus bodily onto the berth.

He ended up sprawled out on his back, spike standing up proudly, while Megatron sat down gracefully next to him. Megatron, almost casually, like it was nothing, like Optimus wasn't so tense he could hardly think, wrapped his hand around the head of Optimus's spike and *squeezed*.

Optimus couldn't help it, his hips bucked up and he shouted, piteously.

Megatron chuckled, looking down, and said, "You really have been deprived, haven't you?" He ran his thumb over the top of the spike.

"What, like you aren't, you just told me—"

"I'm going to need to take the edge off before you'll be good for anything, aren't I?"

"What does that—"

Optimus watched, still uncomprehending, as Megatron leaned over, and kept leaning, and bent his head down, and before Optimus truly understood what was happening, his *spike* was in *Megatron's mouth*—

"Oh, Primus—Megatron!"

Then Megatron *stopped* and lifted his head with a smirk and a lick of his lips that made Optimus's spike *throb* and said, "Yes, Prime?"

That slagger. "Megatron, I need—you don't have to—"

Optimus couldn't *think*, his spike was aching so much it was almost sore, and he desperately wanted some kind of stimulation. He reached out with his own hand to stroke it himself, but Megatron slapped his hand away, and opened his mouth around Optimus's spike again.

The sudden onslaught of sensation was enough to make him cry out—all tight and wet and sucking and licking and his spike was trying over and over to complete a circuit with the contact points of a valve that wasn't there. The repeated attempts left charge zinging through the wetness in Megatron's mouth. The denial of the completed circuit was in itself erotic, but not nearly so much as the view of Megatron's optics, narrowed, glowing like hot iron, and looking up at him—Megatron, sucking him, *watching him*—

Optimus tried to gasp out a warning, and it seemed to work. Megatron pulled off with one last hard suck, and replaced his mouth with his hand just as charge and transfluid overflowed. Pleasure flashed through Optimus, sharp and bright and quick.

He relaxed into the open, aching feeling of release after overload. The lassitude of empty capacitors, the feeling of all his joints letting go of tension he hadn't realized was there. Slightly stunned, he lifted his head and looked down to where Megatron was still perched between his legs.

Megatron smirked, and Optimus had all of an astrosecond to be concerned, before the tight, sucking heat of Megatron's mouth was around his spike again. Optimus actually squeaked and writhed underneath him—the sensors in his array were still wildly sensitive, but without the buildup of charge in his banks to cycle with his equipment, it was an *agonizing* tease. Pure sensation, without the reassuring climb to overload.

He didn't even consider asking Megatron to stop.

Then charge filled him again in a great, disorienting rush. It took him a moment to realize that was the effect of the aphrodisiac, as need bubbled up in his mind again. He suddenly understood why someone might *want* to use such a substance. He felt halfway to overload all over again, no waiting required.

But the intensity of that very brief moment before his charge had come back up... If he ever had the opportunity, he'd ask Megatron to do something like that again. Without chemical assistance.

Apparently realizing that he was ready for another round, Megatron pulled off.

Optimus resisted the urge to whine at the loss and started to sit up. He wanted to get his hands on Megatron's plating again. It was time for him to participate in the encounter, instead of just laying there and moaning—

But Megatron pulled aggressively on his hips and thighs instead, until he was flat on his back again, his legs splayed open.

"Megatron, I can—"

But his partner was busy just pressing the flat of his palm possessively against Optimus's valve, giving it a little rub, and then dipping two thick fingers right inside.

"Now, Prime. Let me tell you how this is going to go."

"Oh?" Optimus tried to sound challenging, but his voice broke on a moan, and his hips were rocking helplessly into Megatron's hand.

"I have spent the past *day* in need of release, trapped in a tiny room next to the very object of my desire." Optimus did whine then, and rubbed himself up against Megatron's palm. Red optics flared. "You like hearing me admit it, don't you?" Megatron smirked.

"I have wanted to spike you for a *very* long time," Megatron continued, and Optimus shivered all

over. “So that is what we are going to do.”

He was struggling to remember why he didn’t want to just go along with whatever Megatron wanted to do to him. His processor came up with something like: because whenever Megatron wanted something, it was a Bad Thing, and it was Optimus’s duty to stand against—oh *Primus*, Optimus had no idea *what* Megatron was doing with his fingers, but it was incredible.

“Any objections, Prime?”

Optimus could only moan.

“I find I want to hear you say it, Prime.” Megatron’s voice had changed, gone dark and deep. When Optimus looked—when had he offlined his optics?—he saw Megatron’s hand moving on his own spike. He spread his legs wider, looking at it.

“I want to hear you say it. Say you want my spike.”

“I want—ah, Megatron—” Megatron’s other hand was still pressing and rubbing delightfully at the rim of Optimus’s valve. “—I want your spike. I want you to spike me—”

Almost before Optimus had finished speaking, Megatron was in motion, removing his fingers and lining himself up and pushing, and his hands on Optimus’s thighs were trembling just slightly. For a moment, Optimus was hugely frustrated that he’d missed out on getting to feel like this, to feel open and aching and wonderful, a full 24 hours sooner.

“Tell me,” Megatron said, breathless, still inexorably pushing *inside him*, “Have you ever gotten charged up when we were on the battlefield?” Megatron was covering him now, over him and in him, and he moved down to catch Optimus’s lips in a kiss. “A little blaster fire, a little hand to hand? Did you like it?”

With Megatron so close, there was no turning his face away to hide his guilty expression. Even his Autobots had known that after a serious battle with Megatron, Optimus liked to have time alone. They hadn’t known the *reason*.

“Did my hands on your precious plating make you want this? Want *me*?” Megatron punctuated each phrase with little rolls of his hips, in and in and—“Tell me, Optimus. Say it!”

Megatron’s voice was sweet and sharp and *vicious* in his audial, and oh, he was so glitched, Optimus couldn’t help it—the image, the memory, coupled with the sensation, the sparking ache where Megatron’s charge danced on the contacts in his valve—he moaned, “Yes, Megatron—yes!”

Megatron actually shuddered, then thrust hard into him, like he was losing control, and then again, and the pleasure broke over them both suddenly. As Optimus was overwhelmed, charge passing back and forth between them in the ecstasy of overload, he thought with delight that Megatron wasn’t even going to have to retract his spike, they could simply keep going, again and again, until they finally ran out of charge.

Megatron was laid out on top of him and suckling gently on the side of his neck in a lull between bouts.

Optimus wasn’t actually sure if the aphrodisiac was out of his system yet. He felt calmer, but he was still tingling all over. He stroked one hand down the strong lines of Megatron’s back. Each position they’d tried had been incredible, but if the effects were winding down, he knew he’d want to take

Megatron's spike again before it was all over. He put aside the thought that he might not get another opportunity.

Megatron raised his head and looked down at Optimus. "I was just reminded of something. From our little poem."

"It is one of the longest works of Cybertronian epic—" Optimus caught his expression. "Ah. You're teasing."

Megatron said, "Listen.

*You have what you sought with your whole mind:
She burns with love, and the frenzy now is in her deep."*

Optimus knew the rest of that passage. It was from the fourth book.

"The character speaking isn't one I'd normally empathize with, but the 'frenzy' of erotic passion, and," Megatron paused, "ah, the rest of that section, are surprisingly relevant to our situation."

Optimus knew the next words, and the words before them: *an eternal peace—an eternal peace and*—Optimus felt his emotional circuitry heating, but surely Megatron didn't mean... "What reminded you of this?"

"I'm almost insulted. Were you not paying attention to what we just did?"

Optimus grumbled and tried to cover his face with his hands.

Megatron laughed, a great rumbling sound that shook them both. "Do you know, Prime, if I had known I could so easily mortify you with a little erotic poetry, I'd have tried it much sooner."

"I—" Optimus broke off to gasp as Megatron returned to nibbling on his neck cables. "—you can't mean—we have responsibilities. This is the *only* time—"

"Oh, cut the power." Megatron propped himself up on his elbows and looked down piercingly at him. "Weren't you just reminding me of how it's going to take two hundred thousand years of concentrated effort to eradicate those glorified slime molds?"

"Maybe not *eradicate*—"

"No, shut up. I'm not going over that again." At some point Megatron's expression had gone from playful to serious. "You can't do it without us, and we can't do it without you."

"I—yes, I was saying that."

"Well then." Megatron looked away. His optics seemed distant, thoughtful. "I won't tell you that it will work. I won't tell you that when this is all over, I won't take my Decepticons, and we won't go back to the way things used to be."

"Megatron—"

"But it might. It might work." His lips quirked. "What was it you said? If only I'd tell you what I needed? I admit, telling you what to do does seem quite effective, if I go about it the right way."

"*Megatron*—"

"Yes, yes, that's different, and so forth. Anyway, for the moment, we can manage the current crisis

from here, and enjoy the privacy while we have it, hm?"

"Megatron!"

At last Megatron looked back at him, face still serious. Optimus surged up from beneath him, closing the distance between them in a kiss. When it broke they were both breathless. Optimus didn't have *words* for this, but he heard himself whine, felt himself lift his hips up in invitation, and then Megatron was inside him again, rocking, filling him, until everything was charge and pleasure and sweet kisses.

Optimus didn't think he would ever get enough.

"Megatron," he began, much later.

"Yes?" came the sleepy response, muffled from where Megatron was tucked up against his side.

"When you said you'd tell me what you needed—"

"Ugh." Megatron shifted against him and stroked his hand down Optimus's waist. "Maybe in the morning you can suck *my* spike. But I don't think I could work up the charge right now even if you drugged me again."

"Right. But what you needed, about maintaining the alliance..."

"Politics? In the berth? I don't know why I'm surprised."

"There's something I just can't stop thinking about."

"I'm going to need to teach you how to stop worrying so much, aren't I." Megatron twisted his neck so Optimus could see some of his face and onlined one of his optics.

"Well, Ratchet's been trying for years."

Optimus could feel the smirk where Megatron's mouth was pressed against the plating of his shoulder. "I think I'll be taking a more hands-on approach," Megatron said.

Optimus actually shivered at the thought, though the response came entirely from his emotional subsystem. His pleasure circuitry was more exhausted than he had imagined possible.

"It's just, can we decide now, who's going to take precedence?"

"What?"

Optimus cleared his vocalizer. "The problem we keep having with doors? Who will take precedence?"

Megatron released the Prime's waist to lift himself up and glare properly. His optics were like gently burning coals. "*This* is the pressing political issue you're interrupting my afterglow to worry about?"

Optimus smiled. "It seemed a good place to start."

"How about this, Prime." Megatron smiled, intent. For a moment, Optimus worried. "Tomorrow, you'll suck my spike, and *then* we'll decide about 'precedence.'"

Optimus's deep, deep sigh seemed agreement enough for Megatron, who lay back down. He hummed with contentment and pulled Optimus in close.

*Why not rather make an eternal peace and bonded union?
You have what you sought with your whole mind:
She burns with love, and the frenzy now is in her deep.
So let us rule this people together, and with equal auspices.*

—Chorus, the *Song of Solus* IV.99-103

End Notes

Astolat asked for sex pollen or trapped together somewhere and my brain went, well, why not both? I had so, so much fun with this.

Because I am an irrepressible Latin nerd, the poetry from the *Song of Solus* is actually from Virgil's Aeneid. Translations are mine. A huge thank you to my betas, [entangledwood](#) and [RHplus](#), who put up with this story getting three times as long as it was supposed to be.

All feedback cherished! [Find me on twitter!](#)

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